The Text

VOL. XI. LOWELL, MASS., MARCH 25, 1929. NO. 12

25 Lowell Alumni and Guests Meet

The regular luncheon-meeting of the New York Alumni of Lowell Textile Institute Alumni Association was held recently at the Arkwright Club. About 25 members of classes since 1905 were present including several prominent visiting alumni. Plans for an outing in June were discussed. A questionnaire will be sent to all members to ascertain their wishes.

George A. Sloane, secretary of The Cotton-Textile Institute, was introduced, as were H. M. Smith, '10, of New Hartford, Conn., and Russel T. Fisher, of the class of '14, secretary of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers.

H. R. Maurersberger, '18, president, presided. Louis S. Zisman, '20, is vice-president and F. R. McGowan, '15, is secretary-treasurer. The next luncheon-meeting will be held during the last week in March.

The following were among those present:

H. A. MacKlanaa, '28, associated with James W. Cox, Jr.; J. G. Stass, '27, Amory, Browne & Co.; B. Valentine, '23, assistant merchandise manager, Pacific Mills; C. C. Jessop, '22, Pacific Mills; A. J. Winkler, '18, consulting chemist; J. A. Woodhead, '23, U. S. Testing Co.; Louis J. Othote, T. Holt Haywood Co.; A. C. Clifford, '22,

Continued on Last Page

HOW ABOUT AN UPSTREAM DAY?

The following is a description of the Upstream Day as recorded in the 1912 Pickout. Let's get together and bring back this institution. All it needs is lots of interest by the students to do it.

Dear Dick:—

Just a line, not a fishline, but just a little dope on the happenings of "Upstream." Honest, you missed the time of your life by not going. The classiest time any bunch of Sunday-School children could have had, considering the fact that the Profs. were there, not to mention the array of trustys, I mean trustees, and others that take great delight in informing us at various times of things that we are well aware of but don't like to be told about. You get me, don't you? Well, keep it corked up tight—and don't take the seal off.

But to get down to details. The day dawned rather forebodingly, (good term). I don't know whether it dawned that way or not, but it looked that way when I arose, and, according to John Clem, that is the official way to begin any narration. You remember Jack, don't you, that big gent with the heavy tread who studied law, and decided that the Bartenders' Union wouldn't admit him because he wasn't partial to rubber heels? He certainly missed his calling, as he would have been an ornament to most any mahogany-furnished drawing room.

It looked a lot like rain until after school time, but the "Governor Allen" looked pretty spiffy tied up below the boat house (Tuesday nights Miner's Orchestra), with Onions, fussing around. Onions is some fusser, believe me.

As usual, the Professors, et al, were down early, just as if they were going to school. The Residents straggled along as they usually do, fifteen minutes late, and honest, several Commuters put in an appearance. Cy Whitcher came swinging along with his harmonic motion. You remember that just before linkages in Mech. (Don't weep.)

The only disappointing thing about the Freshmen who did go was the fact that they were so few in number. Honest, not even one class officer had spirit enough to plank down his seeds and gather. Some spirit!

And, say! Some band, too!

Pretty classy bunch of young chaps with a gent to see that they didn't go astray. After the Dudolfs started to come they came on the Banana Line, (pretty weak Academy last Friday), and soon the boat began to settle with the excessive weight.

Suddenly "Old Sol" burst forth and shone with splendor.

Down Pawtucket Street came John Clem with his heavy tread, wearing a two-quart kelly of straw on the starboard side of his bean. Wow!

We cheered, whistled, stamped our feet, the band played, and we caused such a commotion that the boat rocked, and so much water was sent over the falls that the mills in Lawrence had to shut down for fear of a flood. Finally, the engineer was separated from his family in Pelham, and made his appearance. All aboard! Onions cast her loose, and with the band playing, we headed for the falls.

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Executive Council Meeting

A meeting of the Executive Council was held on Tuesday, March 12. A list of basketball players eligible for letters with the approval of Coach "Rusty" Yarnall was submitted to the Council. This list was accepted by the Council, and the following men will receive sweaters: Captain Eddie Allard, Jarek, Savard, Quigley, Hardman, Ketover, McGee, Farrell, Moran, and Manager Gross. Benjamin Meady was elected manager of the 1930 basketball team.

The Council voted to hold a Textile Night at the Y. M. C. A. because of the demand for it. Ira Hurd and Meyers were appointed to look after the Senior events; Meady and Gross, for the Junior events; Grant and Pilligan, for the Sophomore events; and Feun and Truesdale for the Freshmen events. Pilligan and Truesdale were appointed to look after the Freshman-Sophomore basketball game.

Along with the discussion of "Textile Night", someone mentioned "Upstream Day" which for a long time had been an annual affair, but because of lack of interest, was discontinued. Professor Cushing described the "Upstream Day" for the benefit of the Council. He stated that the Thursday before final examinations had been the selected day and that transporta-

Continued on Last Page

The Silk Worm Functions

An experimental rayon plant is now being operated at the Institute. The rayon is made by the Viscose process. Altho the yarn thus far made is still far from perfect, Dr. Chapin, who is in charge of the work, hopes to have some better yarn in a short while. The process here needs more experimenting but at least it has been introduced and yarn has been spun.

TEXTILE NIGHT AT Y.M.C.A. A GREAT SUCCESS

About 100 members of Lowell Textile Institute took part in "Textile" open house night, held in the Y. M. C. A. There was plenty of enjoyment for all and members of the senior class who have attended three previous "nights" said last night's was the best within their memory.

Each class was well represented and, with the exception of the juniors, each class won a share of the glory. The juniors tried hard enough, but it just wasn't their night.

The big event as far as the two under classes went was the basketball game between the freshmen and sophomores. This contest was won by the freshmen, 27 to 16. The winners hopped off to an early lead and were never in danger of losing. The winning forwards and centre had little difficulty in locating the hoop and between them piled up 23 points.

The next event in importance was the swimming meet, in which all classes took part. This was won by the sophomores, who scored 20 points to 10 for the seniors, and four for the juniors. The sophs. defeated at basketball, had the pleasure of seeing the freshmen shut out without a single point in the tank.

The sophs won the relay event, with a team made up of McAllister, Iver, Peterson and Carleton. Cluett of the seniors won the 20-yard dash. Gross of the juniors was second, and McAllister of the sophomores was third.

McAllister made a killing in the 20-yard back stroke, winning over his two classmates, Pilligan and Peterson. Cluett added five more points for the seniors, in fact he scored all 10, when he came in first in the 100-yard swim. Carleton was second and Gross third.

Continued on Last Page

Individual Basketball Scores

	Goals	Fouls	Total
Jarek	72	43	187
Quigley	37	14	88
Savard	72	26	170
Allard	24	12	60
Hardman	7	19	33
Farrell	0	7	7
Ketover	3	2	8
Moran	4	0	8
McGee	6	4	16

Basketball Team Entertained

Professor Cushing surely can make a bunch of fellows feel at home. On Friday, March fifteenth, he invited his basketball team to spend a social evening at his home. This is what happened. First to arrive were Ben Meady and Pete Gross, with two other fellows. They banged up the front porch and were not too easy on the bell. Mr. Cushing let them in with a warm welcome, took their hats and coats and told them to go at it.

Bridge tables were set up and upon each of these a pack of cigarettes lay. Do not forget that training rules were out of the question. Yes, yes every one was there to have a good time. This quartet had no sooner seated themselves when a high powered Essex was heard. A very boisterous gang, the leader of which was Jerry Savard, noted for his noise making, piled up to the door. They did not have to ring the bell—they were heard. The boys then settled themselves to Bridge and also Hearts. Joe Hardman essayed to wrest a victory at

(Continued on Page 6)

TEXTILE CRUSHES WORCESTER IN FINAL GAME of SEASON, 41-30

Our basketballers decisively defeated Worcester in the last game of the 1929 schedule and incidentally the last athletic contest in which Textile will play against Worcester.

Altho the Engineers were leading at the half Textile displayed more brilliant floor work and team play throughout the whole contest. It took our "millmen" just one half to get started and then Jarek and Savard opened up. Savard scorlnx 17 points and Jarek 16 points.

Allard played his usual fine game holding the forwards who opposed him scoreless.

Hardman and Quigley played good fast basketball.

The contest started slow, each team playing a conservative game. Neither team took any chances of losing possession of the ball and only tried for field goals when their men were under the baskets.

As the game progressed it became faster. With the faster ball playing Textile missed easy shots under Worcester's basket due largely to the fact that they were playing on a foreign court. At the half Worcester was leading 17—13.

The second half started off with a bang. Both teams trying for field goals frequently. After the first five minutes Worcester piled up 7 points and the score stood 24—13.

At this point Textile changed tactics. Allard would dribble down the floor slowly while looking the field over. When it was least expected he would shoot a bullet pass to Jarek in one of the corners. Jarek would either try for a field goal or pass to

(Continued on Last Page)

Baseball Schedule

April 6.	Northeastern at Lowell.
April 13.	Open.
April 17.	Newport Naval at Newport.
April 18.	Rhode Island State at Kingston.
April 23.	Trinity at Hartford.
April 24.	Wesleyan at Middletown.
April 30.	Mass. Aggie, at Amherst.
May 4.	Open.
May 7.	Bates at Lewiston.
May 11.	Northeastern at Boston.
May 15.	Clark at Worcester.
May 18.	Newport Naval at Lowell.

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EDITORIALS

It is axiomatic that the seriousness of law enforcement is governed by the decorum of the legislation. With this in mind it is not surprising that the "No Smoking" edict has met with ridicule and violation. Primarily, it is to be expected that a sign refering to Alma Mater as a "Plant" will lose its value in the minds of the students, the reaction to such an aspersion being naturally one of contempt.

Another reason for the insurgency against the No Smoking order is to be found in the type of men to whom the enforcement of the order has been entrusted. It is not a pleasant or a fitting thing that a college man of this generation is to be told to stop smoking by one corner of a mouth whose other corner has just completed covering a section of the building with a salivary mess of Cut Plug.

In an order purporting to be all-embracing, why should there be flagrant discrimination? Are the students expected to do as the authorities say and not as the authorities do? Can various members of the Faculty, particularly the Heads of the Departments, smoke openly in their offices while the students are forbidden to do anything but look on enviously? Is the Faculty office a more holy sanctum than the corridor where the lowly student treads?

The Ancient Art of Weaving

Among the treasures that some of us are privileged to own and enjoy in our homes, in these days of such keen appreciation of the antique, are hand-woven coverlets that have been handed down to us from those early days of our history when the loom was a part of the everyday, essential furniture of the home. Weaving, however, is a much more ancient art—it dates away back to the tales of gods and goddesses of Greek mythology, and to such legendary characters as Helen of Troy who is said to have woven the story of the Trojan war upon her loom.

In the Middle Ages weaving was a popular art in Italy and later in more northern countries, particularly Flanders where rich tapestries were woven. Our Puritan forefathers—or mothers—brought skill in weaving with them when they came to this country. A womanly art it has always been and deservedly popular. Nor has machinery been able wholly to drive it out—there are remote regions in the mountains today where the women still weave their bed fascinating "kivvers" and other useful things.

Why these hand-woven coverlets for beds were so popular is explained by Mary Meigs Atwater in her new volume, "The Shuttle-Craft Book of American Hand-Weaving" (Macmillan.) "Ded-places were not then as now always set apart from the living rooms, and a great four-poster might be a prominent feature of rooms where people came and went by day; therefore a covering that was sightly and protective by day as well as warm by night was clearly a necessity," she says.

That these old weavings are so lovely in design and coloring is due to the fact, as Mrs. Atwater reminds us, that human beings cannot live comfortably without beauty. Most of us are more or less familiar with the dark blue and white coverlets with their simple geometrical designs. What we do not know so well is that often other color combinations were involved and that those simple geometrical patterns had such delightfully fanciful names—"Ocean Wave," "Solomon's Delight," "Star in the Wilderness," "The Walls of Jericho," "The Three Flowers," "Wheel of Fortune," "Sunrise," "Lee's Surrender,"—their names are legion. It was not until a comparatively late period that the naturalistic patterns, with flowers and screaming eagles came.

Mrs. Atwater shows in her book the draughts for many of these designs, which were handed about among friends much as cooking recipes are still passed around today. They look very much like bars of music. In addition to giving a concise account of the development of handweaving in America she offers the beginner not only detailed directions for warping and first weaving but also advises concerning the choice of a loom. Also she includes suggestions to aid collectors in judging the probable age and origin of an old piece.

Soon after this the Jacquard loom was invented and we have the beginning of weaving by machinery. Today with our renewed interest in these examples of past artistry has come a desire to revive the old crafts and many a home today has its small loom. In our Southern mountain region, however, the old art has never died out and those who penetrate into the "backwoods" may find the home industry thriving. As for the oldtime weaving many an attic of today may hide interesting pieces.

PICK-UPS

Drakeman: "Everybody jump for your lives! We are about to collide with the fast express and will be in Heaven in two minutes!"

Deacon Beattie: "God forbid!"

• • • •

Barsky: "Why is it Abie, you always come out last from the theatre?"

Abie: "Figger it out, Barsky. It looks then like I had a seat in the front row."

• • • •

Cruel and yet kind was Mr. John Mog; He cut off his cat's tail to feed his dog.

• • • •

"Jock, wull ye dine with me tomorrow nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I will."

"Ouild. Eight o'clock—at your hoose!"

• • • •

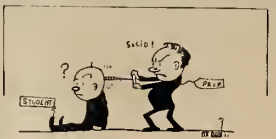
"Well, how is your son getting on with his medical studies?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the proud mother; "he can already cure very small children."

• • • •

Warden: "What, you back again!"

Convict: "Yes. Any letters or parcels for me?"



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ANNUAL

Show Ready for Presentation

J. Weeden Stewart to Star Again This Year

The cost and the management of the Textile Players have been working hard for the past three or four weeks to complete the preparations for the biggest annual social event upon the school calendar, the Textile Show and Dance.

JOHN W. STEWART, '29
Leading Man

As usual, the play will be given at the Memorial Auditorium and will be followed by three and a half hours of dancing to music furnished by Morey Pearl, the one and only Morey Pearl and his Tent Orchestra. The presentation of the play will start promptly at 8.15 P. M., and will last until 10.30 when the floor will be cleared for the dancing. The dancing will be interrupted for a short time during the evening when there will be time out for refreshments.

For the third successive year, the male lead will be taken by one John Stewart, the center of the constellation of stars that make up the Textile Players. Jack hails from Brattleboro, Vermont, where, while in High School he distinguished himself both in football and dramatics, especially in the latter where he gave a sterling performance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

The leading lady this year will find a new figure in the limelight. Altho Richard Brook appeared in last year's performance, this will be his first appearance as the female lead and judging from the fine performance that he gave last year plus all the experience that he gained, he may be counted upon to make a most creditable showing.

Co-starring with John Stewart will be the well-known Ned Spaulding, of Nashua High School fame. Mr. Spaulding, as he is affectionately known throughout the corridors of the Institute, is no newcomer to the stage. Last year he appeared in the well known vehicle, "H. M. S. Pinafore", as given by the dramatic club of the Nashua High School. In this year's play he will take the part of the Dominie, a big tramp who has become the Pal of Danny, as played by the equally well-known Mr. Stewart.

Walter Robbins is again appearing for the Textile Players. He will play the part of Aunt Caroline, an old negro servant in the employ of a Southern family.

Daniel J. O'Brien will again grace the footlights for the Players. Dan has had a wealth of experience in local productions working back stage as well as appearing before the audience and has a thorough knowledge of the factors upon which the success of such a production as "Pals First" depends. He will be seen in the part of Dr. Chilton.

Uncle Alex, another servant in the employ of the family mentioned above, will be played by John Farrell, a newcomer to the Textile Players. Although a member of the school but a short time, Jack has distinguished himself on the football field and upon the basketball floor. It is said that his fame as a football player has been heard of even in Worcester. Certain it is, that if his dramatic ability in any way compares with his ability that he has shown in his other endeavors, he may be counted upon for a fine performance on the night of the Show.

Gernld Quigley, a veteran of last year's performance of "On the Hiring Line" will play the part of Gordon, of the Nashville Central Office. In this part, Gerry will have ample opportunity to display the wealth of histrionic ability that he has gained as a member of the Textile Players and as a member of the Dramatic Club of the Lowell High School.

Bertit Ryberg will appear this year for the first time for the Textile Players. He will give the part of Judge Logan, guardian of Jean, the character played by Dick Brook.

Another new comer to the Players will be Elmer Truesdale. Truesdale will play the part of Stivers, a federal detective. It will be his part in the play to appear on the detective who finally clears up all the mystery forming the plot of the play and he may be depended upon to put the part across in great style.

Al Grant is also making his premiere appearance for the Players. He is taking the part of Miss Alicia, Jean Logan's Aunt. The part calls for much clever acting and Al's performances in rehearsal have shown him to be very adapted and capable of putting across his performance in no uncertain manner on April 5.

Lowell to Haverhill Service

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is dull, and death you seek;
Well I know the City slumbers—
But a train leaves every week!

Big Tire Makers To Share in Prosperity

Cut Costs, Improve Product by Better Methods; Research Developing Super Tire

Millions of automobile tires turned out every year by American manufacturers are the product of an artificial climate created by air conditioning experts employed by the big companies.

From the time the crude rubber is cut from the trees in far off tropics, through all the vagaries and difficulties of manufacture until the finished tire is finally mounted on the motor car, the air specialist has created almost the entire gamut of weather to refine the product, speed up output, cut costs and protect the lives and health of many thousands of workmen.

Introduction of ingenious mechanical facilities for controlling air conditions in practically all processes of manufacture has placed the tire and rubber industry on the greatest mass production basis in history and is bringing down costs to the lowest on record, according to engineers in the industry who are striving to develop a puncturetess, super-tire, good for 40,000 to 50,000 miles.

With all rubber producing nations seeking trade pacts which are expected to stabilize the crude rubber market, combined with greater productive efficiency of American plants, such leaders in the industry as Fisk, Firestone, Goodyear, Goodrich, United States Rubber, Miller, General and others, are confident that they will benefit and share more than ever with the record-breaking prosperity of the automobile industry.

Five of the so-called "big six" American tire manufacturers already have their own factories in England and continental Europe, while several are rapidly developing new uses for rubber, such as flooring and rubber transmission and conveyor belting. American domination of the tire and rubber industry, however, is due chiefly to the nation's mechanical resourcefulness which gave to the world "mass production", the engineers declare.

One of the biggest problems in the industry, and an obstacle to big scale operations, was the creation of dusts, gases and high temperatures which had to be conquered. In the plant of the Fisk Tire Company at Chicopee Falls, Mass., which is typical of other large tire factories, powerful blower fans are ingeniously hooked up with air washers, steam heat, cooling coils and miles of sheet metal piping for ventilating and cooling in the mill, calender and heater rooms; for driving out fumes in the cementing, drying and soldering operations; for collecting and conveying of dusts and shavings at mixing mills, bead and air bag buffing machines and wood working machinery in the box shop.

In the Fisk Company's experimental laboratory where research work is conducted, a temperature of 70 degrees and relative humidity of 65 per cent is maintained as the best for tests. Special exhausters built of noncorrosive material are used for the laboratory exhaust hoods. Air under pressure is used for the inflation of the inner tubes for holding the tire in shape during the vulcanizing process.

Special high suction fans are used to vacuum clean the fabric that goes into the making of the tire. It is quite important that all particles of grit and dirt be sucked out of the fabric before it is used. Steam vapors are pulled out of the vulcanizing department by large propeller and disc fans.

He coughed
..the Villain!
and the love scene had
to be taken all over!

MADGE BELLAMY . . . Beautiful Fox star in her latest release, "Mother Knows Best."

Madge Bellamy explains the growing popularity of Old Golds in Hollywood

"The 'hero' in a movie may easily become the 'villain' if he coughs at the wrong time. A cough isn't ever nice, but when it interrupts the taking of a movie scene, it's a calamity!

"The high tension of movie work makes smoking a vital relaxation. But we relax with OLD GOLDS. They're as smooth as the polished manner of Adolphe Menjou, who himself is an OLD GOLD fan.

"While they're the most enjoyable of cigarettes, OLD GOLDS mean absolute 'fade-out' for throat-scratch and smoker's cough."

Madge Bellamy

Why not a cough in a carload...?

OLD GOLD cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows . . . Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . . Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

ON YOUR RADIO . . . OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, with his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, and enjoy both!

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

FRATERNITIES

PHI PSI NOTES

Ryhox our square head, would ho in a state of heavenly bliss if he could climb upon our golden throne at 8.55 A. M. with an eel in one hand and a bit of mackerel delicately singed in the other while reading a mystery novel and singing "Blue Heaven".

• • • • •

If Stewart and Gross ever forget their surroundings in their new abode, the neighbors will spend very little time sleeping.

• • • •

Preston sets new fashions for the 1929 summer season. He was seen at the Commodore Ball Room last Saturday nite wearing white linen knickerbockers—a double breasted vest that buttoned up the back a trench coat and a pair of galoshes. It is reported that he carried no walking stick and was just roughing it.

• • • •

What we want to know is what it is that Dick Morse does that gives him that hollow laugh of his and what he laughs at.

• • • •

With April 5 comes—

Now let me see—could you ask a girl like that to a house party? Does she own an evening dress or does she know what one is?

DELTA KAPPA PHI

We wish to extend our sincere expressions of sympathy to Wallace French for the loss of his father.

• • • •

F. P. McOee recently tried to enhance the beauty of his "Market Street green" shirt by dip-dyeing it to royal purple. It didn't work.

• • • •

Bunny Phelon, the clam-digger from Ipswich, expects to go back to that town and hypnotize the mollusks with his superior knowledge of "H" lons.

• • • •

The boy-friend from Haverhill, with brush and sponge, polished up the whole quant lob, last Friday, preparing for the expected visitors. He passed the word that forty young ladies from Bradford were coming up, in order to get some help from the boys.

• • • •

Old skeletons are cropping up to haunt Sadler, out in Billerica. A skeleton that he buried two years ago has returned in a most uncomfortable way. Makes ya hot under the collar, doesn't it, Tom, to hear the whole town talk?

???

The "Pink Issue" supply was exhausted in a short time. More copies could have sold. The issue was good according to general opinion.

• • • •

Spring weather has started the boys to ride the country during classes. How the "profs" dearly love to raise the cut list.

• • • •

Loveless is taking up a collection to buy a new tube. The tires were supposed to be puncture proof but his tube looks as though it had been thru the battle of Tucks. "Grabba" Holt is helping him out by keeping the discounts.

• • • •

How many fellows are color blind? Prof. Brown is conducting tests in the physics room for the benefit of the blind. Your green nerves are out of kilter. Buy a new pair from Litland. He is featuring cut prices after the fire.

• • • •

The Wool Department has added a new cat to their collection. He attends all lectures. Gene Hale enjoyed the cat's presence as he was examining the feline's anatomy

• • • •

Pickout will be out soon. If you have not ordered a copy yet, get busy and order one as this year's issue is going to be better than ever.

• • • •

Fathers have been around the Institute, looking after their errant sons. This opportunity gives a "Dad" a good chance to see what his son actually is doing every day at the Institute.

• • • •

Mr. Smith wants it made clear around these parts that he is the law. Consequently the number of Jones and Smiths on the roster have increased tenfold.

• • • •

Toher has plenty of assistants for the baseball season. Now the players can have plenty of rubbers and trainers to take care of sore muscles.

• • • •

Wallace got hooked on the fence but we cannot understand whether he was after the ball or a woman. What ever it was, he lost out on both.

OMICRON PI

Anderson is out dating every night now. Getting in tune for the house party.

• • • •

Furguson (to girl in store): "Are you the 'Shopworn Angel' I've heard so much about?"

Girl: "I'm shopworn, boy, but I'm no angel".

• • • •

Matthews painted a certain room last Saturday and it sure lives up to its name now.

• • • •

Our engineers are all business now that they have been interviewed once or twice about jobs. Nuts, bolts, screws, gears and a bury for the textile engineers.

• • • •

The Ark is now in circulation again. We might know the reason for the gasoline in our coffee the other morning.

• • • •

M. A. Jones is now recovering from his recent ten round bout with Mocauley the other night in which he was knocked in the second round.

• • • •

They left the bars down in Pride's Crossing the other night and Stifel got in.

• • • •

"Dixie" Lincanley, '20, of Cumberland, N. C. and points north was at the house Monday for the first time in a long while.

We wonder why Coby delays the rest of the Haverhill lunch every morning.

• • • •

A local outdoor advertising concern has offered Fenn a good job.

The cotton department wants to know where all of its cotton is going. Someone must be saving up to start a mill but they will have a long way to go.

• • • •

If you say sure, say sure, Mike.

• • • •

Textile Night at the Y. M. C. A. was a success. Each class won their share of victories.

SIGMA OMEGA PSI

After the S. O. P. notes were read which appeared in the pink issue various individuals therein mentioned have more than once threatened the only life available to the writer.

• • • •

After a season of varied activity, or rather we should say inactivity, the gang has decided to hold one of those inexplicable house parties. The date has been set for Thursday, March 21, and the arrangements are in the hands of our Social Committee.

• • • •

If, as is possible, this little affair turns out for the good, bigger and better plans are already in the minds of most of us. Word is going around that a neat little bungalow may be hired in the vicinity of Lowell.

• • • •

Our alumni have been exceedingly active lately in getting in touch with us concerning the varied school activities. We expect a large attendance at the show and a real good time following that function of functions of the Institute.

• • • •

Enquiring thoughts are being vented as to our annual banquet which will no doubt be held in Boston this year. The annual get-together will no doubt exceed any that we have heretofore had.

Management of the Lowell Textile Players

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PROF. ELMER E. FICKETT

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Stage Manager
CLARENCE L. SALISBURY, Sp.

Business Manager
MELLOR A. JONES, '29

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Assistant Stage Manager
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JOHN W STEWART, '29

Vice President
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Secretary
MELLOR A. JONES, '29

Treasurer
PROF. ELMER E. FICKETT

Carpenter (anxiously to very unmusical father at school concert): "I say, dad, you'd better let me tip you the wink when to stop—last term you encored the tuning-up!"

Inebriate (addressing a barber pole): "Now a' leash three a' you zebras hush got to get t'ell outa here! What d'ya think I am, a animal trainer?"

What Price Glory

"Keep on fighting, boys," said the general, "never say die. Never give up till your last shot is fired. When it is fired, then run. I'm a little lame so I'm starting now."

He Found What He Wanted

A census-taker called at a farmhouse and a woman answered the door.

"How many in your family?" asked the census-taker.

"Five," answered the woman peevishly. "Me, the old man, one kid, a cow, and a cat."

"And the politics of your family?" inquired the enumerator.

"Mixed," came the short reply. "I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist.

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Textiles

(From the Boston Transcript.)

For more than a generation New England has been witnessing the so-called "passing" of its cotton textile industry. Yet recently the Transcript published a sixteen-page section, devoted to the manifest progressive spirit of New England manufacturers of textile goods. That we have had serious losses in textile production is obvious, but this has not meant that textile manufacturers here were all lacking in ideas and initiative. Far from it. A large group of manufacturers has courageously faced not only adverse conditions of competition, but likewise the change which comes from the universal desire of human beings for something different. These manufacturers have sought to keep their place against the time when a larger demand for textiles should make the industry again profitable for all. There are signs of hope that the tide is turning.

Rayon, the comparatively new textile fibre of chemical origin, is a conspicuous element of New England textile manufacture today. Contrary to the notion that the chemically made product has contributed to the weakening of cotton textiles, through competition, this fibre has become a notable adjunct of the textiles and leading manufacturers of New England have utilized it extensively in admixture with yarns from the natural staple of the South. This is one outstanding phase of the continued enterprise of our mill men and which betokens the continuance of the industry as an important part of New England's economic life. It is significant that new uses of cotton goods are developing and, hit fact, that consumption of the American staple in recent years has been expanding to new heights. That is the interesting side of the raw-cotton story. Part of this expansion is due to growing exports, suggestive of an improving situation in the cotton industry of the world. The New England hope is that the genius which is put into new styling, designing and constructing of textiles here will reap a fair reward in the near future. New uses, new vogues and increasing population are factors upon which to bank for a better day.

New England Sure of Textile Industry

R. I. Official States South No Longer Holds Threat

James O. Connolly, Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, in an address recently said the South no longer held any threat for the textile industry of New England, which he predicted would win the trade in its entirety in the next decade.

Returning to Fold

"The South, which for some time threatened to mark the slow extermination of textile New England, can no longer hold a threat for us, for there is a general tendency to return to the fold," he said at the fifth annual dinner of the Rhode Island Society of New York at the Hotel Astor. "New York, the heart of the business world, is close enough to New England to be the real centre for marketing the finished products of our mills."

He said that Northern mill men had complained that the initial outlay for starting a mill in the South was tremendous, for after schools, homes, churches and a plant were established the total cost was far in excess of the so-called high cost of labor in the North.

"Rhode Island in particular and New England in general is rapidly regaining its prestige and place in the field of manufacturing," he said. "In the past nine weeks, in one section of our State alone, 11 new industries have moved in, which will bring Rhode Island an added yearly payroll of $2,600,000."

Do They Get Their Hair Cut?

The height of hard luck in the olden days was for a Scotchman to get a hair cut just before an Indian massacre.

"Look, papa, Ikey's cold is cured and we still got left a box of cough drops."

"Go, vot extravagance! Tell Abie to go out and get his feet wet."

PICK-UPS

The Patter of the Shingle

When the angry passion gathering in
my mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bed-room,
gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and
my flesh, in fancy, itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an
echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies, into
action being sprung;
And a thousand bees and hornets
'neath my coat tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll
split my Sunday pants";
She stops a moment, draws her
breath, the shingle holds aloft.
And says: "I had not thought of that,
my son, just take them off."

Holy Moses and the angels, cast thy
pitying glances down,
And thou, O family doctor, put a good
soft poultice on;
And may I with fools and dunces ever-
lastingly mingle,
If I ever say a word, when my mother
wields the shingle.

• • • •

WISELY SPOKEN WORDS!

Hell hath no fury like a Scotchman left soaked with the check.

• • • •

When we decide to forgive our enemies we generally begin with those who are bigger and stronger than we are. Isn't it a gem of truth?

• • • •

Worry is the interest people pay on trouble before it comes due.

• • • •

Some girls are like cigarettes—not very stimulating until they are lit.

• • • •

Before a man is pledged, the fraternity brothers slap him on the back, but after he is pledged they don't rap him so high.

• • • •

Don't throw your mouth into high gear until you are sure that your brain is turning over.

• • • •

The girl who works in a glue factory is apt to be misunderstood by the boys.

• • • •

Remember, life is a one-way street and you're not coming back!

• • • •

The druggist knows more about the girls than the minister.

MORE FOOLISHNESS THAN TRUTH

The moustache can never be grown upon the forehead. ("Pop" Stevens will vouch for this).

• • • •

In Switzerland the natives find it extremely difficult to put on their shoes without stooping over.

• • • •

Scientists have proven that it is impossible for the elephant to build its nest for its young in the tops of trees, even the oak.

• • • •

The people of Italy prefer to eat their breakfast in the morning rather than at any other time of the day.

WHANGO!

A Fight Story That Smells From Herring

Richard Cleveland, of Pepperell, Mass., walked over to the ticket window of the Washburn Athletic Club and plunked down one buck to see the battle between Knockout Reilly and Battling Mulligan.

The house was jammed. A couple of fellows were hanging by their teeth from the rafters.

At ten o'clock, Knockout Reilly swung his hoofs over the ropes. This baby was so tough that his ma had to give him a ship's anchor for a teething ring.

Then Battling Mulligan came in wearing an iron holier for a bathrobe.

Clang!

The first round started. Knockout Reilly gave Battling Mulligan a love tap on the mouth. Mulligan smiled and spit out two teeth. Then he socked Reilly on the beezer. Reilly smiled, blew his nose and soiled Mulligan's new tights.

Bingo!

Mulligan took a wild swing at Reilly. Reilly took a wild swing at Mulligan. They both missed each other, but they did hit the referee. And what a blow! They socked him clean into the dressing room.

The announcer tumbled into the ring.

"Ladies and gentlemen", he piped, "will anybody volunteer to act as referee?"

"Sure, I'll do it," squawked Cleveland.

Cleveland took off his coat and his rubber collar, spit on his mitts and crawled under the ropes.

"Do you know all the rules?" the announcer quizzed.

"Sure", Richard gurgled. "I'll give them both a square deal."

Round Two!

Mulligan started a haymaker from the cellar and caught Reilly on the button. The birdies started singing. The stars came out. And the galooka flopped to the canvas.

Mulligan went over to the neutral corner and waited for Reilly to come back to earth.

Cleveland got down on his knees, put his noodle to the canvas, and studied Reilly's carcass.

The customers were howling like mad.

"Hey, you referee", Mulligan's seconds growled, "have you got a paralysis of the arm? Why the hell don't you start counting?"

Richard Cleveland spit out some chewing tobacco.

"Don't tell me my business," he yapped, "I ain't doing no crooked work for nobody. You wait. It ain't time to start counting yet. HE AIN'T GOT BOTH SHOULDERS ON THE MAT."

• • • •

Beggar: "Please ma'am will you aid a starvin' old soldier wot had 'is 'orse shot out from under him in th' Battle o' Manila Bay?"

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TEXTILE NIGHT AT Y. M. C. A. A SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

The seniors got their consolation on the bowling alleys, coming in ahead of the sophomores, with the juniors and freshmen trailing. There were no inter-fraternity events in the billiard and pool room, as all matches turned into individual ones. A luncheon was served.

The basketball score follows:

FRESHMEN

	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
Walker, rf	2	1	5
Meehan, rf	1	0	2
Truesdale, lf	2	1	5
Fenn, c	5	1	11
Niles, rg	1	0	2
Kennerley, rg	1	0	2
Greene, lg	0	0	0
Howard, lg	0	0	0
Totals	12	3	24

SOPHOMORES

	Gls.	Fts.	Pts.
Duggan, lg	0	0	0
Parker, lg	0	0	0
Grant, rg	0	1	1
Johnson, c	0	0	0
Ivers, lf	3	0	6
Lathrop, lf	0	0	0
Peterson, rf	1	1	3
Totals	4	2	10

Referees: Cushing, Towne.

Time: Four 10-minute periods.

Textile night this year was run by Prof. Cushing of the Athletic Association. Truesdale was in charge of freshman basketball, Pilgian in charge of sophomore basketball, presidents of each class in charge of bowling, and Mr. Towne in charge of swimming.

25 LOWELL ALUMNI AND GUESTS MEET

Continued From Page One

Western Electric Co.; A. H. Thurston, '23, Textile World; F. C. Holden, '09 Chelsea Fibre Mills, Brooklyn; H. M. Smith, '10, New Hartford, Conn.; Arthur J. Hennigsn, '06, president, Seneca Manufacturing Co.; H. A. Currier, '06, Waterman & Currier; H. B. Arundale, '07, U. S. Testing Co.; A. E Davieau, '16, U. S. Testing Co.; H. R. Mourersberger, '18, associated with James W. Cox, Jr.; T. W. Reilly, '06, Imperial Printing & Finishing Co.; William F. Brosnon, '27, Anti Pyros Co.; L. S. Zismon, '20, Gotham Silk Hosiery Co.; D. A. Travis, '22, Bernord Bernstein Co., and James W. Cox, Jr.

HOW ABOUT AN UPSTREAM DAY

Continued from Page 1

Every Freshman wore a pompadour for a few minutes, but soon she turned and headed up stream. Gee, Dick, but those fellows can show a little reverence once in a while. You should have seen them doff their caps to every mill they passed.

It was fairly quiet, everyone playing cards, until Onions made his first appearance on the upper deck. He didn't stay long, believe me! Had to go down for re-enforcements. When we came near the first bridge, Onions appeared and was greeted with a shower of wet paper. He certainly was loquacious but we wouldn't stand for it one minute. He was right there with the come-back though, for we soon got a shower of stuff down a pipe near the stack that made all the white shirts have a polka dot effect.

Everyone scattered but one man. He remained Stolid and Stunned, Brother to the Ox. During the scuffle Jerry O'Neil wanted to nick Jim Murroy. Just like Jerry. Now for the sad part. J. Clem's straw kelly got an awful misdeal and he argued with the head of the Chemistry Dept. on the best means of cleaning it, the rest of the way up the river.

When Onions appeared to cut the throat of the smokestack, in order to get under a bridge, no one bothered him, and there was as much smoke from "Meccas" and "Fatimas" as though the stack was up, and the engineer stuffing her with drafts open.

Onions got it again when we tied up at the grounds. That was official. But several others got their's getting off, and there was a mad scramble to get ashore dry. So court was opened for the day, and the first case on the docket was a ball game between the Instructors and the Senior Chemists.

Half-fed Adams led his team to victory when the Engineering Class figured up the score on their slide-rules. Lupe pitched for the Instructors, and Charley caught. Lupe certainly did steam them over and made Charley's hands so sore that every time he came to bat he had to strike out.

Horbie certainly was speedy on the bases, and Joe held down first in major league style.

You should have seen Perk dancing around second base in short pons. Wow!

Mother was very graceful in the outfield, and everyone enjoyed it immensely, even Mr. Hadley who was keeping score.

Later Wool played Cotton and the greatest surprise of the day was when Pompey Weeks caught a fly in center field. I bet he wrote and told "Sister" about it.

The main feature soon showed up in the form of the feed. Some feed, Dick, and lots of it. Every time I think of that feed I begin to think of the number of days to next "Upstream." Honest, I ate so much I had to sit on the steps for about an hour. But, believe me, I wasn't alone. In fact, all activities were suspended for a certain length of time.

John Clem, sat on the piazza most of the day discussing weighty questions with Mr. Barker, but it was all one-sided, with Eddie's dope prepanderont.

I didn't dare go in swimming for fear of displacing too much water, but a lot of the fellows brodied in. Honest, they will have to get a new filing system for the Brodie family pretty soon.

We tried to steal the boat for a junketing trip, but with no results, as Onions was on the job all the time. We played the hose on him until the pump went out of order, and then decided to be peaceable.

Later the Freshmen beat the Sophs at baseball, with Charley Sylvain doing the pitching for us, and then everyone had to rest. All in. Some one produced a rope and a series of events were pulled off. The Sophs beat the Freshmen because we were pulling up hill, and the instructors won for another reason—J. Clem. was there on the job.

The rest of the afternoon slipped away pretty fast, and we had another feed at five o'clock. Things were pretty quiet coming home, as the roughnecks were all in. We did disturb the calm serenity of the surrounding neighborhood with several songs, and the band was in good shape.

Aside from that, things were pretty peaceable. I got an awful sunburn and feel pretty stiff today, but, boy, if you meet those Queens we met at the casino, tell Blondie I will be O. K. after the finals, and be the top card in the deck with no misdeal.

TEXTILE CRUSHES WORCESTER

(Continued from Page 1)

Savard who would be cutting in directly for the basket. If Jarek missed a goal "Noisy" Savard would be right there to take it off the backboard and score.

At the close of the contest Worcester was playing ragged basketball. On several occasions they passed directly into a Textile player's hands who would score as the result of the bad pass.

For the Engineers Cotton and Asp played fine games.

Lineup:

Textile	Worcester
Allard, r. g.	r. g., Dennison
Hardman, l. g.	l. g., Cotton
Savard, c.	c., Babbitt
Jorek, r. f.	r. f., Asp
Quigley, l. f.	l. f., Cullen

Substitutions: Textile—Farrell, Moran, McGee, Ketover. Worcester—Purrington, Holmes, Walker.

Referee: Mann.

CAST of SHOW

Characters in order in which they appear.

DANNY	John W Stewart, '29
DOMINIE	Ned Spaulding, '32
THE SQUIRREL a tramp	William M. Campbell, '29
UNCLE ALEX, the servant	John Farrell, Sp.
AUNT CAROLINE, the servant	Walter A. Robbins, '29
JUDGE LOGAN	Bertil A. Ryberg, '29
JEAN, Judge Logan's Niece	Richard L. Brook, '31
DR. CHILTON	Daniel J. O'Brien, '31
MISS ALICIA	Alfred T. Grant, '31
GORDON, of the Nashville Central Office	Gerald F. Quigley, '31
STIVERS, Federal Detective	Elmer V. Truesdale, '32

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL MEETING

(Continued from Page 1)

tion and eats were supplied for the insignificant sum of three dollars. In former years, the Martin Luther Grounds just beyond Tyngsboro on the Merrimack river were used. This is a general get-together day on which everyone has a good time and can enter in any of the numerous games that suit his fancy. In other words, those attending furnish their own entertainment. A movement is under way to stir up interest in the student body so that these friendly gatherings may again be an annual affair. Persons interested in this movement are asked to voice their opinions so that an estimate may be drawn as to the practicability of holding an "Upstream Day". If you wish to obtain an idea of a day of this sort, see one of the older instructors or professors and ask them their opinion of this plan. A day of this sort would be a fitting climax for the past school year.

BASKETBALL TEAM ENTERTAINED

(Continued from Page 1)

Hearts, this was Joe's last chance. Too bad Joe, the odds were against you. When this card fancy wore off, all were invited to a seat at the table. Here a feast was served them. To Mrs. Cushing go the honors. It was a marvelous lunch from olives to ice cream. When the boys got up from the table none felt like dancing. They had eaten too much. All those present now know why Mr. Cushing is always fit.

What did we have for entertainment? Don't you know that Pete Gross and Ben Meady were there? Why they had the whole table roaring and brought at least two to tears of laughter. Did we have a good time? With Mr. Cushing as host you cannot help but have a good time.

Let it not be forgotten that before the party broke up Julius Jarek was elected captain for the coming year. To him go the heartiest congratulations of the whole student body. They also wish him and his team a very successful season. He surely deserves it for he is a hard worker with a highly developed basketball sense. Let us get behind him fellows and put Textile to the front.

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